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TELL IT WITH WORDS?

by Robert A. Monroe

Throughout human history, they have been the primary mode of communication. It probably started with grunts and moans, yells and whimpers, with sign language added for emphasis.

Hundreds of millennia later, the process has become so complicated that it's virtually impossible to truly "tell it like it is." Each individual reader or listener has a slightly altered interpretation. When the subject matter is uncommon or rare in the era, it makes matters worse. Written or spoken, you have to invent new words or acronyms, give different meanings to ordinary words. All to try and convey clearly something everyone knows but doesn't remember.

Experience is the best teacher? Over 2,500,000 written and printed, plus countless millions of spoken words later, one still gets the feeling there is much more to be reported. The question is: how?

Why bother? The rewards are so great. Not financially, or in fame, or to the ego, but in the response from many thousands of individuals worldwide who started remembering as a result. They often don't think of it this way, but that's what it is. Remembering.

Now, as you read this, *Ultimate Journey*, the latest of the trilogy published by Doubleday, is being distributed in the United States and Canada. It picks up the trail from my earlier books *Journeys Out of the Body* and *Far Journeys*, and reports the joy and pain of forced discovery and examination of areas previously ignored or passed over with a casual lack of perspective.

What happened? Call it a "glitch," for lack of a better label. Much of my nonphysical awareness was shut down, cut off because, I was informed, I had missed a "Basic." Once this fundamental was a part of me, I would move "in a New Direction."

It was devastating. How would YOU feel if suddenly most of your very special nonphysical friends vanished and you couldn't find even a trace of them? It brought on a deep depression that none of those close to me physically could provide much help with, much as they tried.

Finally, out of desperation, with much purpose and curiosity, I began the search. It meant going back through my entire life looking for clues. I found many items that defied explanation, but oddly enough, the important ones were so obscure they remained that way until much later.

However, one stood out. In 1948, long before the OBE Variable entered my life, I owned a farmhouse in lower Dutchess County, New York. One day, the well apparently ran dry; we were getting no water in the house. I went out to see what was wrong. It was an old-style well, hand dug instead of drilled, about three feet in diameter and lined with large fieldstone rocks.

Poking my head over the rim, I could hear the pump motor running far below. I reached over and shut off the electric switch for the pump and looked down into the dark hole again. I could hear water running even though the pump was shut off.

Curious, I took the rope off the bucket windlass, tied the end to the windlass post, and slowly rappelled myself down the rock wall to the bottom of the well. The light was dim, but I could see clearly. Below the dry pump, there was indeed a small underground stream. A rock had fallen out of the well wall above and knocked a hole in the bottom—and that was where my well water was going.

I looked up and there, far above me, was a small circle of light from the top of the well. I panicked. What if I had disturbed another rock on my way down? Would it come down, hit me? Who would look for me way down here?

I started to climb out frantically, then stopped. A great peace seemed to come over me, and I slid down and sat on the bottom alongside the running water. My eyes closed for a moment. Then I stood up, blocked the water exit hole, casually rappelled up to the top, climbed out, and went into the house. As I passed the clock in the kitchen, I was astounded. I had been in the well for over two hours!

In searching for what had happened so long ago during that “moment,” I found a beautiful message in it from what I call “Mother Earth.” I never knew it existed until forty years later. It is reported in *Ultimate Journey*.

It was part of my learning process in discovering just how very much more than a physical body we are—and that led to the Basic. The New Direction it took me in was one I had never even remotely considered, again part of the new book.

I wouldn't spoil your fun in reading it by going into more detail. If you've heard my recent program talks, at least you have a clue or two.

See you in 12.